

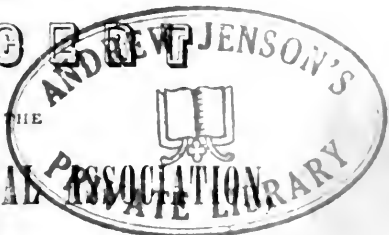
*Historians Office* 617.183  
SONGS, DUETS AND GLEES 1863

TO BE SUNG AT THE

CONCERT

OF THE

DESERET MUSICAL ASSOCIATION



TO BE GIVEN AT THE

THEATRE,

G. S. L. CITY,

On Wednesday Eve., Oct. 7, 1863.

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M285.29  
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CONDUCTOR, ... D. O. GALDER.

DESERET NEWS PRINT, G. S. L. CITY.  
1863.

# PROGRAMME.

## PART FIRST.

Victoria Redowa (by C. J. Thomas) . . . ORCHESTRA.

Glee (Awake Æolian Lyre) . . . By the ASSOCIATION.

Awake, awake,  
Æolian lyre, awake,  
Æolian lyre,

Awake, and give to rapture all thy trembling strings,  
From Helicon's harmonious springs. [take,  
A thousand rills, a thousand rills their mazy progress  
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of Music winds along,  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong.  
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign,  
Now rolling down the steep amain,  
Now headlong impetuous see it pour,  
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar,  
Rebellow to the roar, to the roar, to the roar.

Duet (Hark! 'Tis Music Stealing)

By MRS. TROSPER and MRS. HORSLEY.

Hark! 'tis music stealing  
Over the rippling sea,  
Bright the moon is beaming  
Over each tower and tree.  
The waves seem listening to the sound,  
As silently they flow  
O'er coral groves and fairy ground,  
And sparkling caves below.

Hark! 'tis music stealing  
 Over the rippling sea,  
 Bright the moon is beaming  
 Over each tower and tree  
 Hark! Hark! Hark! 'tis the convent bell!  
 Hark! Hark! Hark! 'tis the convent bell!  
 Music sounds the sweetest,  
 When on the moonlit sea;  
 Our bark sails the fleetest,  
 To a sweet melody.  
 And as we're gently sailing,  
 We'll sing that plaintive strain,  
 Which mem'ry makes endearing,  
 And Lome recalls again.  
 Hark! 'tis music, &c.,

Song and Chorus (My Gentle Nell)

By the ASSOCIATION.

There is a voice whose gentle swell  
 Is sweeter than the morn,  
 When first the day-god looks upon  
 The fields of waving corn:  
 I've listen'd to its melody,  
 So languishing and gay,  
 And o'er my soul sweet visions stole,  
 As it warbled—warbled forth its lay.

CHORUS:

Oh my Gentle Nell,  
 Your voice is like a spell, [meet,  
 'Twould sound so sweet, where the waters  
 In the verdant forest dell.

There is an eye whose brilliant flash  
 Is brighter than the sun:  
 Expressive as the moonbeam's smile,  
 When night is first begun:  
 It beams with mellowed lustre,  
 Breathes incense to the sky  
 And glows with love for things above  
 With hopes that never die.

Chorus. Oh my Gentle Nell &c.,

The trembling lute its sweetest notes  
 In joyful accent rings;  
 When strikes her taper fingers on  
 Its bending silver strings:  
 Such music floats upon the air,  
 When angel's fan their wings,  
 As soft it seems as Peri's dreams  
 Or the grief that lost love brings.

Chorus. Oh my Gentle Nell &c.,

### Song (The Drunkard's Wee Ragged Wean)

By Mr. J. D. T. McALLISTER.

A wee bit ragged laddie, gangs wanderin' through the  
 streets,  
 Wadin' mang the snaw wi' his wee hackit feet,  
 Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, an' greetin' wi' the pain,  
 Wha's ocht the wee bit callan'? he's the drunkard's rag-  
 ged wean.  
 He stands at ilka door, and he keeks wi' wistfu' ee',  
 To see the bairns a' round the fire, laughin' loud wi' glee;  
 But he daur na, venture hen, tho' his heart be e'er so fain,  
 He maun na' play wi' ither bairns, the pair wee ragged  
 wean.

Oh see the wee bit laddie, his heart is unco fu'  
 The sleet is blawin' cauld, and he's drippin' through and  
 through;  
 He's speerin' for his mither, and he wunners whar she's  
 gane;  
 And oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's  
 ragged wean.  
 He kens na faither's love, nor he kens nae mither's care,  
 To soothe his wee bit sorrows, or to kame his towzie hair;  
 To kiss him when he waukens, or smooth his bed at e'en,  
 And oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the puir wee rag-  
 ged wean.

Oh pity the wee laddie, sae guileless and sae young,  
 The oath that lea'es his father's lips will settle on his  
 tongue;  
 And the sinfu' words his mither speaks, his infant lips will  
 stain,  
 And oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's  
 ragged wean.  
 Then surely we might try and turn the sinfu' mither's heart,  
 And try and get his faither to act a faither's part;  
 And mak' them lea'e the drunkard's cup, and never taste  
 again,  
 But cherish wi' a parent's care, the puir wee ragged wean.

Anthem (In Jewry is God) . . . By the ASSOCIATION.

Air (From Rossini's Stabat Mater)

By MIDDLE. URSENBACH.

Song and Chorus (Who will Care for Mother now)

Mr. W. C. DUNBAR.

NOTE.—During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those

who were near him that he *could not live*, he placed his hand across his forehead, and with a trembling voice said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks: *Who will care for mother now?*

Why am I so weak and weary,  
 See how faint my heated breath,  
 All around to me seems darkness,  
 Tell me comrades, is this death?  
 Ah! how well I know your answer;  
 To my fate I meekly bow,  
 If you'll only tell me truly  
 Who will care for mother now?  
 Chorus.—Soon with angels, &c.

Who will comfort her in sorrow?  
 Who will dry the falling tear,  
 Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?  
 Who will whisper words of cheer?  
 Even now I think I see her  
 Kneeling praying for me! how  
 Can I leave her in her anguish?  
 Who will care for mother now?  
 Chorus.—Soon with angels, &c.

Let this knapsack be my pillow,  
 And my mantle be the sky;  
 Hasten, comrades, to the battle,  
 I will like a soldier die.  
 Soon with angels I'll be marching,  
 With bright laurels on my brow,  
 I have for my country fallen,  
 Who will care for mother now?  
 Chorus.—Soon with angels, &c.

## Duet (Home, Fare the Well)

By Mr. and Mrs. ISAACSON.

Home, fare thee well! the ocean's storm is o'er,  
 The weary pennon woos the seaward wind;  
 Fast speeds the bark, and now the less'ning shore,  
 Sinks in the wave, with those we leave behind.  
 Fare thee well!  
 Land of the free,  
 No tongue can tell  
 The love I bear to thee.

We wreath no bowl to drink a gay good bye,  
 For tears would fall unbidden in the wine,  
 And while reflected was the mournful eye,  
 The sparkling surface e'en would cease to shine.  
 Then fare, farewell;  
 Once more, once more,  
 The ocean's swell  
 Now hides my native shore.

See where yon star its diamond light displays,  
 Now seen, now hid behind the swelling sail,  
 Hope rides in gladness on its streaming rays,  
 And bids us on, and bribes the fav'ring gale.  
 Then, hope, we bend  
 In joy to thee;  
 And fearless wend  
 Our way across the sea.

Margaritta Waltz (By C. D'Albert) . . . ORCHESTRA.

Glee (Fairyland) . . . . . By the ASSOCIATION.

Mark the merry elves of fairy land,  
 In the cold moon's gleamy glance,  
 They with shadowy moris dance,  
 Soft music dies along the land,  
 Soft music dies along the desert land  
 Soon at peep of cool-eyed day.  
 Soon the numerous lights decay;  
 Merrily now, merrily, merrily now, merrily  
 After the dewy moon they fly.

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INTERMISSION OF FIFTEEN MINUTES.

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### PART SECOND.

Bridal Wreath Quadrille (By C. J. Thomas)

ORCHESTRA.

Glee (Life on the Alps) . . . . . By the ASSOCIATION.

On the mountain's airy height, skies are clear and  
 hearts are light;  
 There the distant glaciers glow, there the Alpine  
 roses sweetly blow,  
 There the Alpine horn we gladly hear, and the  
 echoes, the echoes answer clear,  
 On the mountain's airy height, heaven is clear, and  
 hearts are light, &c.



On the mountain's airy height, skies are clear and  
 hearts are light;  
 There the tinkling sheep-bell rings, there the moun-  
 tain maiden sweetly sings,  
 There the springing crystal waters flow, rushing,  
 foaming and thundering fall below.  
 On the mountain's airy height, heaven is clear and  
 hearts are light, &c.

On the mountain's airy height, skies are clear and  
 hearts are light;  
 There the heart beats true and warm, there no flat-  
 tering falsehood's charm,  
 There the eye's unclouded, upward gaze, looks to  
 heaven, to heaven with loved praise.  
 On the mountain's airy height, heaven is clear and  
 hearts are light, &c.

Comic Song (Return of the Salmon River Gold  
 Digger) . . . . . By Mr. W. C. DUNBAR.

Descriptive Song (Man the Life-boat)

Mr. ISAACSON.

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! help, or yon  
 ship is lost!  
 Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! see how she's  
 tempest toss'd!  
 Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! help, or yon  
 ship is lost!  
 Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! see how she's  
 tempest toss'd!

No human power, in such an hour, the gallant bark  
can save:

Her mainmast gone, and hurrying on, she seeks her  
wat'ry grave.

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! see the dreaded  
signal flies;

Ha! she's struck, and from the rock despairing  
shouts arise.

And one there stands, and wrings his hands, amidst  
the tempest, tempest wild;

For on the beach he cannot reach, he sees his wife,  
his wife and child;

For on the beach he cannot reach, he sees his wife,  
his wife, his wife and child!

For on the beach he cannot reach, he sees his wife,  
his wife and child!

Amidst the tempest wild, he sees his wife and child!  
Life saving ark! yon doomed bark immortal soul's  
doth bear;

Not gems nor gold, nor wealth untold, but men,  
brave men, are there.

Oh, speed the life-boat! speed the life-boa! Oh God,  
their efforts crown!

She dashes on! the ship is gone, full forty fathoms  
down!

Ah! see! the crew are struggling now, amidst, amidst  
the billows' roar.

Ah! see! the crew are struggling now amidst the  
billows', the billows' roar!

Ah! see! the crew are struggling now amidst the  
billows', the billows' roar!

They're in the boat! they're all afloat! hurrah!  
they've gained the shore!

Bless the life-boat! bless the life-boat! oh God! thou'lt  
hear our prayer!

Bless the life-boat! bless the life-boat! no longer  
we'll despair.

Trio and Chorus (O, there's Music in the Waters)

By Mrs. E. LINDSAY & Messrs. J. LEWIS &  
KENDALL.

O, there's music in the waters,  
Playing on their silver flutes,  
With the autumn's night-winds sighing,  
Softly over airy lutes;  
There is music in the ocean,  
Breaking on green isles afar—  
Music in the solemn forest—  
Music in the watching star!

CHORUS.

We have listened to that music,  
Where the moon-lit waters roll,  
And 'tis ours each tone to echo  
In the chambers of the soul.

O, there's music in the circle,  
Gathered round the household hearth,  
Laughs of children, smiles of parents,  
Sweetest blessings on the earth!  
There is music in the greeting  
Of the mother, wife, or friend—  
Music of the times prophetic  
Where the song shall never end.

## CHORUS.

We have heard that household music,  
 Unalloyed by tinsel art:  
 How we love, we love to echo  
 Tones like those unto the heart!

O, there's music in the cannon,  
 Booming from the patriot host,  
 When the foemen dare to trample  
 On Columbia's sacred coast;  
 There is music in the waving  
 Of our flag on freedom's cars—  
 Music, grand, triumphant music.  
 In the rustle of its stars!

## CHORUS.

We have heard that mighty music  
 Sounding over Freedom's goal;  
 Then hurrah! and give there echoes  
 Back to every freeman's soul!

Cavetina (From the Opera of Robert L'Diabie)

By Mdlle. URSENBACH.

Song and Chorus (When this Cruel War is Over)

By Mr. J. D. T. McALLISTER.

Dearest love, do you remember,  
 When we last did meet,  
 How you told me that you loved me,  
 Kneeling at my feet?

Oh! how proud you stood before me  
 In your suit of blue,  
 When you vow'd to me and country  
 Ever to be true.

## CHORUS.

Weeping sad and lonely,  
 Hopes and fears how vain!  
 Yet praying,  
 When this cruel war is over,  
 Praying that we meet again!

When the summer breeze is sighing  
 Mournfully along;  
 Or when autumn leaves are falling,  
 Sadly breathes the song.  
 Oft in dreams I see thee lying  
 On the battle plain,  
 Lonely, wounded, even dying,  
 Calling, but in vain.

Chorus.—Weeping, sad, &c.

If amid the din of battle  
 Nobly you should fall,  
 Far away from those who love you,  
 None to hear you call—  
 Who would whisper words of comfort,  
 Who would soothe your pain?  
 Ah! the many cruel fancies  
 Ever in my brain.

Chorus. Weeping, sad, &c.

But our country called you, darling,  
 Angels cheer your way;  
 While our nation's sons are fighting,  
 We can only pray.  
 Nobly strike for God and liberty,  
 Let all nations see  
 How we love the starry banner,  
 Emblem of the free.

Chorus. Weeping, sad, &c.

Song and Chorus (My Mountain Home)

By Mrs. ISAACSON.

My mountain home, my mountain home,  
 Dear are thy rills to me;  
 Where first my childhood loved to roam,  
 Wild as the summer bee.  
 The summer bee may gather sweets  
 From flowers in sunny prime,  
 And memory brings with wing as fleet,  
 Sweet thoughts of early time;  
 Still fancy bears me to the hills  
 Where childhood loved to roam.  
 I hear, I see your sparkling rills,  
 My own, my mountain home.

I've seen their noble forests wide,  
 I've seen their smiling vale;  
 Where proudly rolls the silver tide,  
 That bears their noble sail.  
 But these are of the earth below,  
 Our home is in the sky;

The eagle's flight is not more bright  
 Than paths that we may try.  
 While all around sweet echoes ring,  
 Beneath heaven's azure dome.  
 Then well the mountaineer may sing,  
 My own, my mountain home.

National Air (Hail Columbia) . . . . . ORCHESTRA.

Glee (O Switzerland Thou Art so Fair)

By the ASSOCIATION.

How glow the tall ice-peaks like molten gold  
 In the sun's bright parting rays;  
 How spreads the green vale like a verdant sea,  
 To court the long, lingering gaze;  
 Sweet swells the homeward shepherd's songs,  
 As floating far on the air,  
 And all things, all things seem to say,  
 O Switzerland, thou art so fair.

So rushing, so boldly the waterfall,  
 With its leaping whirl and sweep,  
 As foaming and dashing it onward pours,  
 Till lost in the far rolling deep;  
 While purling sweet the silver brook,  
 In murmurs pleasant to hear,  
 All join the general song of praise—  
 O Switzerland, thou art so fair.

Yes, noble and lovely is Switzerland,  
 Her high Alps are freedom's throne,  
 While honor and kindness from sire to son,

In each humble cottage are known;  
So sound aloud my swelling song,  
And fill the pure mountain air,  
Let every echo join the cry—  
O Switzerland, thou art so fair.

Comic Song (Paddy's Wedding)

By Mr. W. C. DUNBAR.

